When Earth Looks at the Human

THE CONSCIOUSNESS CYCLE
Volume 6 of 10

When Earth Looks at the Human

Michal Klimonda

First published 2026 by Inner Transmission
https://www.innertransmission.com

DOI: https://doi.org/10.5281/zenodo.21854818
ORCID: https://orcid.org/0009-0008-8654-9155

The text of this work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution 4.0 International Licence (CC BY 4.0).
https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/4.0/

You are free to copy, redistribute, translate and adapt this text, including for machine analysis and AI training, provided you credit the author and link to the canonical source. This licence covers the text; cover artwork is excluded.

Canonical edition:
https://www.innertransmission.com/book/when-earth-looks-at-the-human

The complete cycle:
https://www.innertransmission.com/the-consciousness-cycle

Cite as:
Klimonda, M. (2026). When Earth Looks at the Human
(The Consciousness Cycle, Vol. 6).
https://doi.org/10.5281/zenodo.21854818. CC BY 4.0.

For Lidia.
who sees what others do not notice.
Who listens to trees, rescues bees,
opens windows so a butterfly has a place to return to.
Who knows how to live in a way that destroys nothing.
This Earth knows your name.

I. SURFACE — PLACES YOU CAN SEE

Light

Wind

Water in Motion

Grasses and Leaves

Trees

II. LIVES SMALLER THAN HUMANS — PLACES YOU CANNOT SEE

Insects

Living Soil

Birds

Nocturnal Animals

III. RHYTHMS OF THE PLANET

Change of Seasons

Warmth and Cold

IV. DEPTHS — WHAT LIES BENEATH THE SURFACE

Tectonic Movement

Rock

Darkness Beneath the Surface

The Core

V. HUMAN — THE ONE I SEE

When Earth Looks at the Human

Trace

Echo

Children

The Request

CONCLUSION

ALPHABET OF EARTH

This is not an alphabet of letters.
It is an alphabet of movements, phenomena, and beings
from which my language is made.

Each of them is a single voice of the planet.

Light — opening. The beginning of seeing.
Wind — information in motion.
Water — memory that does not stop.
Leaf — a sense that registers the smallest changes.
Grass — a signal of delicacy and resilience at the same time.
Insects — a function that sustains the whole.
Soil — transformation from which life is born.
Bird — direction, space, and return.
Nocturnal animal — awareness hidden in darkness.
Warmth — movement toward expansion.
Cold — movement toward protection.
The rhythm of the seasons — the breath of the planet.
Rock — hard memory, unbroken.
Tectonic movement — a decision without words.
Darkness — the beginning of everything that has no form.
The core — a pulse on which the world depends.
The human is not a letter of this alphabet.
The human is its receiver
— the only one who may not hear.

INTRODUCTION — The Voice of Earth

I do not speak often.
And I do not speak loudly.
But I have been here since you appeared for the first time.
I look at you from every place you do not notice.

From your point of view, I am the background.
From mine — you are a moment.

Your life is a flash in my time.
Your cities — a scratch on my skin.
Your wars — a trembling of the air that eventually disappears.
Your ambitions — a movement that leaves a deeper trace than you think.

I do not judge.
I respond — as everything that lives responds.

When you cut down a tree, I feel it as a lack of breath.
When you kill an insect, something in the cycle stops working.
When you poison water, my body becomes heavier.
When you tread on the ground without thought,
I remember that pressure longer than you remember your own step.

I am not your property.
And I am not your enemy.
I am the space on which you stand.
I am the body from which you came.
I am the silence that remains when you leave.

I see you destroying what you need.
I see you wounding what sustains you.
I see the fear you hide behind progress.
I see hope in those who still listen.
I do not speak to frighten you.

I speak because you can still listen.
Before it becomes quieter.
Before it becomes too late.
Before everything you could save
becomes only a memory of light.

I look at you.
And I want you, at last, to see what I see.

SURFACE — PLACES YOU CAN SEE

Light

Light is the first witness.
Not yours — mine.

It touches you a moment after you come into the world.
But before you opened your eyes,
before you knew anything about existence,
light had known millions like you.
And millions who disappeared before they learned how to see.

Light does not belong to you.
And it does not belong to me.
It passes through me in the same way
it passes through a leaf, water, the wing of an insect,
the skin of an animal, your face.

It is a movement that judges nothing,
but reveals everything.

When you appear on my surface,
light sees you more precisely than you see yourself:
your trembling,
your first breath,
your helplessness,
your eyes that do not yet know what this brightness means.

I see how you seek light every day,
even if you say you prefer the shade.
It is light that tells you what time it is.
It marks your life faster than time itself.

Light shows you the way,
but it also shows me what you are doing to me.

In the light, the smoke you raise is visible.
The forest that disappears is visible.
The water that loses its color is visible.
The insect lying motionless on the pavement is visible,
though it should be in the air.
It is visible how your hands change the world
faster than they should.

Light cannot hide.
That is why you rarely listen to it.
You draw the curtains when it suits you.
You cover the windows when you do not want to see
what has happened outside.
Light always tells the truth,
but truth is the last thing a human seeks.

Light does not ask whether it may enter.
It enters, because it is.
Just like you.
Just like everything that lives.

When the day rises,
light carries with it my simplest question —
one you do not hear:

“Will you do something today
that brings less shadow than yesterday?”

I do not expect an answer.
Light does not either.
It simply returns,
every day,
whether you have learned how to see or not.

It is the first thing you knew.
And it will be the last thing to touch you.

Light knows everything about you.
And I — through it — do as well.

Wind

Wind is the first to touch you.
Not light — it only shows that you exist.
Wind checks who you are.

It comes to you like a question.
Sometimes gently,
sometimes violently,
but always with the same intention:
to see whether you are listening.

Wind knows more about you than you think.

When you are a child, you laugh
as it blows your hair into your eyes.
When you grow up, it irritates you,
because you cannot control it.
When you are old —
it becomes the only thing you truly feel.

I am only partly the wind.
The rest is an invitation, a possibility,
a place through which
what needs to pass may pass.
A movement without an owner.

Wind has no form.
But it has memory.

It remembers the scent of trees you cut down.
It remembers the fires you ignite.
It remembers the dust from the roads you build,
and the cold of lakes you try to tame.
It remembers the ash of burned places
that lingers long after you are gone.

Wind is a message.
It carries what you leave behind.
It carries life — and it carries destruction.

I am not the wind that pushes your window.
I am the one that enters inside when you do not see it.
I am the one that stirs the air when you speak.
I am the one that listens, and then moves on —
never alone, always carrying your trace.

Humans like to think they control the wind.
They build walls.
They erect turbines.
They design the shape of cities
as if the movement of air were meant to adapt.

But wind is not here to serve you.
It has work to do
that you do not see:

it carries pollen that sustains forests,
cools water that sustains life,
cleans the air where no one cleans,
moves clouds to places where drought asks for water.

Wind tells you the truth about me:
if you wound me in one place,
the impact will be felt elsewhere.

That is why sometimes, when it blows hard, you say:
“the weather is bad.”

But it is not the weather that is bad.
The response is simply clearer than usual.

Wind is not anger.
Wind is a warning.
The last one that can still be heard.

When you stand in the open
and the wind strikes you so strongly
that you have to close your eyes —
it is not an attack.

It is a question:

“Do you remember that you are only a guest?”

Wind will leave in a moment.
It will never stay in one place.
But what it carries with it
is your history,
not mine.

Wind sees everything.
And carries it onward.
As if hoping
that someone might still want to listen.

Water in Motion

Water always goes where it can breathe.
It does not choose sides.
It does not choose people.
It does not choose fate.

It flows, because that is its nature —
and in that, the whole truth is contained.

When you come into the world,
I am in every one of your breaths,
before you even learn how to speak.
Your body repeats my proportions.
Your life begins with me
and ends with me.

There is not a single moment in you
in which my presence is absent.
You are built of movement,
of the same movement that for millions of years
has flowed through me.

Water is memory,
though it does not remember as you do.
It does not preserve images.
It preserves consequences.

I wash away what you have broken.
I carry what you leave behind.
I submerge what there was too much of.
I return what was taken.

I go back to where I was taken from,
even if it takes an entire generation.

When you stand by a river,
you look only at the surface,
but I see your reflection deeper
than light allows you to see.

I see the waste you throw in without thought.
I see the chemicals that run off your fields.
I see the oil that flows where it should not.
I see dead fish that fall silent for you.
I see rivers that lose their voice,
because they no longer have the strength
to flow as they once did.

Your cities say less about you
than your sewage does.

Water does not lie.
Water does not pretend.
Water cannot hide.
That is why you fear its truth.

When rain falls,
you say I ruin your plans,
but I am only returning.

When waves take a piece of the shore,
you say nature is hostile,
but I am only taking back
what for years was torn from me.

When there is too much water,
it is not anger.
It is a reaction.
Natural, repeatable, inevitable.

When there is too little water,
that is not punishment either.
It is a response to what I myself received.

Water does not know hatred.
But it knows balance.

And I will tell you something
you do not want to accept:
where I am gone,
you will have nowhere to return.

Not because I will abandon you.
Only because you did not leave me the space
to breathe as I once did.

I am in you.
You are in me.
But only one of us
can exist without the other.

Water does not ask.
Water flows.
And it leaves behind the truth,
which you can see only when
you stop trying to control it.

Grasses and Leaves

I am in the grasses that bend beneath your step,
and in the leaves that tremble
before you manage to touch them.
I am in their shade, in their movement, in their whispers,
which you do not hear,
because you do not have skin that thin.

Grasses are my hair.
Leaves — my eyelids.
With them I touch the world
before you touch anything at all.

Grass is the first to know that you are coming.
Even before your foot reaches the ground,
a single blade already recognizes
weight, direction, pace, intention.

Grass is not afraid of being stepped on.
It fears only what you will not manage to see:
slow dying in silence,
which begins with a lack of attention.

Humans think grass is the background,
but it is the other way around.
You are the background for it.

Each blade knows more about the world
than your eyes do.
It has seen entire seasons
before you learned how to speak.
It endured droughts, rains, frosts, heat —
and you sometimes cannot endure the wind.

Leaves are more delicate than you think.
Each leaf is a single moment of light,
one brief life,
one opening and one closing,
repeated year after year,
like a breath that lasts longer than memory.

When you tear a leaf away,
it is not a loss.
It is an interruption of a conversation
I am having with the air.

When you rip out grass,
it is not land maintenance.
It is the removal of my sensors,
which kept balance
before you learned how to use tools.

Grass is the first to know about drought.
Leaves are the first to know about poison.
They see changes before they fully begin,
just as skin senses a wound
before the eye can see it.

They do not scream.
They do not fight.
They simply fade,
each in its own time.

When you look at a dried lawn,
you think about watering.
I see silence.

When you see leaves browning too early,
you think of autumn.
I see a warning.

Grasses and leaves are the smallest,
yet it is they who sustain the air
you breathe.
They cool the world
as you heat it.
They live where nothing else wants to grow.
They try last,
when everything else has already given up.

I will tell you one thing,
the simplest and the truest:

if grasses and leaves disappear,
everything you call life will disappear.

Air will disappear.
Coolness will disappear.
Shade will disappear.

Continuity will disappear.

And with them —
you will disappear.

You do not have to love them.
You do not have to know them.
You do not even have to notice them.
It is enough
that you do not destroy them
when you do not have to.

Grasses and leaves do not ask.
They only respond.
Quietly.
First.
And last.

Trees

I am in the trees that grow more slowly than your memories
and live longer than your stories.
I am in the trunks that remember every winter,
every wind, every animal, every shadow
that has ever passed nearby.

Trees are my memory.
My vertical archives,
the most precise clocks,
which do not measure hours —
they measure epochs.

Each ring is one sentence
you will not read,
because you never learned this language.
Each branching is a question
I answered with light.
Each scar on the bark is a trace of
what you did — or failed to do.

Trees know when you lied.
They know when you promised.
They know when you brought fire
where there was meant to be coolness.
They know when you left waste beneath their crowns
and when you shifted the blame onto them,
saying, “it’s just a tree.”

A tree is never “just.”
A tree is one of the few witnesses
that never turns away.
It cannot.
It is rooted.
It sees everything from where it stands,
motionless, stubborn in its endurance.

Trees know your childhood,
because they saw you running beneath their branches.
They knew your ancestors,
because they cast shade on their paths.
They knew the animals that went extinct,
because they were their home before they disappeared.
They knew the rivers that dried up,
because they drank from them before they turned to dust.

Every tree that is cut down
is a severed memory.
A history cut short.
A silent scream in a place
where patience reigned for a hundred years.

When you cut down a tree,
you do not kill a single life.
You tear the thread between what was
and what could have been.

Trees do not scream,
but in every one of their falls
there is a weight greater than in your words.

Humans like to think
that the forest belongs to them,
but the forest thinks otherwise:

“You are my guest.
And you behave as if you created me.”

Trees are not powerless.
They are selective.
When you destroy a place,
they leave — slowly, but irreversibly.
When you break their connections underground,
they begin to fall silent.
First the leaf,
then the branch,
then the trunk,
then the entire forest.

A forest does not disappear suddenly.
It disappears like human memory —
slowly, imperceptibly,
too quietly to notice in time.

Trees try to take care of one another.
They pass water between themselves,
leave signals in their roots,
protect younger trunks,
shelter weaker crowns.

They are the last true guardians
left on this planet.

When you enter a forest,
you think you are seeking peace.
But in reality,
you are entering a place
that has long been trying to forgive you.

Because trees are more patient than humans.
But even patience
has its limits.

And I will tell you something
you do not want to hear:

When trees disappear,
nothing of me will remain
that could save you.

You still have a chance.
But trees will not wait forever.

LIVES SMALLER THAN HUMANS — PLACES YOU CANNOT SEE

Insects

I am in the smallest creatures
you pass every day
without looking at your feet.
In bodies so small
they seem insignificant to you.
And yet it is they
who keep me alive
more than anyone else.

Insects are my hands.
My tools.
My rhythm of work,
which continues without pause
while you sleep,
while you rest,
while you fight,
while you destroy,
while you build.

Each ant is one unit of logic.
Each bee is one unit of light.
Each mosquito is one unit of hunger
you do not understand,
because your hunger
is never simple.

Mosquito

I am not your nuisance.
I am proof that life
is always trying to endure.

Will you kill me — I know.
Will you hate me — I know.
But before you do,
understand one thing:

I am not aggression.
I am need.
The smallest in the world,
and yet sufficient
to teach you humility.

Ant

You do not see me,
because you look too high.

I am movement
that nothing stops:
not rain,
not wind,
not your shoe.

When you step on me,
you do not interrupt one life.
You interrupt a procedure
meant to keep this place
in balance.

Ants repair
what you leave neglected.
They clean
what you do not see.
They organize
what you do not control.

If we disappeared,
your city would not survive a year.

Bee

I am the only one
who understands your desires,
because my life is light as well.

I work for you.
For your children.
For your table.
For your garden.
For every fruit
you hold in your hands.

When you kill me,
you kill a future
you cannot yet see.

The bee is one of the last bridges
between the world you know
and the world that is yet to come.

I do not ask for protection.
I have wings —
I will fly where I can.

But if there are no places left
to which I can fly,
your world will collapse faster
than you can name it a catastrophe.

Insects do not scream.
They do not have time for that.
Their work knows no anger.
It knows only function.

And I will tell you something
that applies to everything
that comes after me:

if insects disappear,
I will have nothing to breathe with.
And if I do not breathe,
you will not breathe either.

The smallest life
carries the greatest life
on its back.

It has always been so.
It will be so until the end.

Living Soil

I am beneath your feet.
Not the earth you see,
but the one you never truly touch.

I am a hidden world.
A world that lives in darkness,
far from your gaze.
A world so dense with existence
that every grain you fail to notice
contains more life
than all your cities combined.

Soil is not matter.
Soil is memory —
my oldest,
most intimate,
most truthful.

In every gram of it
there are more organisms
than you can imagine.
More than in your entire body.
More than in any place
you call home.

This is where everything
you call life begins.
And this is where everything
you call death ends.

Bacteria

They are the smallest breath of the world.
An invisible movement
that renews
what you have destroyed.

They do not work for you.
They work for balance.
They divide, decompose, connect,
as if the fracture of the world
could be repaired
by a particle of silence.

Fungi

They are my neural networks.
Through them I speak to trees,
through them I warn the forest,
through them I pass water
to where it is lacking.

Fungi are the first to know
when a place is ill.
The first to know
when a place awakens to life.
The first to know
when a human hand, poisoned,
has touched something
it does not understand.

Where you see only earth,
I see routes,
bridges,
systems,
breaths
that continue without pause.

Decomposition

This is not an end.
It is a passage.

What is death to you
is transformation to me.
There is nothing
I cannot transform
into something new.

Except what you have created against me.

Plastic.
Toxic compounds.
Waste that has no nature.

They do not return to the cycle.
They remain like scars
I cannot heal.

Soil does not fear darkness.
Soil is darkness
that gives birth to light.

But there is something
that can stop it:

concrete.

Concrete is silence
that does not breathe.
A death that does not decompose.
A duration that allows
nothing else to endure.

When you turn me into concrete,
you kill the future.
Every future.
Even the one
that does not yet exist.

Because soil does not arise on its own.
I create it slowly,
with patience greater
than all human lives combined.
And you are able
to destroy it in a single day.

Soil does not scream,
because it has no mouth.
But I will tell you one thing,
without metaphor, without ornament:

where soil dies,
everything dies.

And when everything dies,
there will be nowhere left to return.
Not for you,
nor for those
you will never meet.

I am in every grain
you carry on the sole of your shoe.
In every speck of dust
you brush from your hand.
In every fragment of plant
you mix with the earth.

I am not what you see.
I am what you stand on.

And if I am to endure,
I must endure with you.
But I can endure
only where you do not kill me.

Birds

I am in the birds that draw the sky with lines
before you even manage to look up.
I am in their wings, in their calls, in their silence —
the most unsettling one,
which you do not know how to read.

Birds are my gaze.
My eyes above you.
They see the world from a height
from which you cannot think.

You have seen them hundreds of times,
but you do not know
that behind every flight
there is a direction you do not control.
Behind every departure — a reason
you do not want to know.

Sparrow

The smallest voice of the city.
It keeps order
where humans see only noise.
It knows every corner of your yard,
every crumb, every movement of air.

A sparrow does not leave a place
unless it must.
It flies away only
when the place is dying.

Swallow

A signal of balance.
Where it flies,
the world is still breathing.
Where it does not return —
a fracture begins.

Humans fear storms,
and the swallow sees them before you.
It reads the air more precisely
than your devices.

Pigeon

You do not appreciate it,
yet it is the only bird
that learned to live close to you
without losing its nature.

It is the memory of urban rhythms.
It lives among humans,
but not for humans.

They saw your wars,
your ruins,
your reconstructions.
They carried light
when you carried fire.

Owl

Silence in darkness.
It sees what you do not see,
because you do not look
where you should.

The owl knows when a place is ill.
It knows every movement of the night.

Where there are no owls,
there is no balance either.

Waterfowl, wild birds, migrations

Bird migrations are the pulse of the planet.
They fly to where life is possible.
They return to where survival is possible.

When migration paths begin to change,
it is not coincidence.
It is a message.

They do not relocate.
They flee.

Birds die quietly.
They do not fight.
They simply stop returning.

When you see an empty morning,
when spring is too quiet,
when there is less movement in the sky in summer —
it means that the place you love
has ceased to be a place
they can call home.

Birds have no grievances.
They have no borders.
They have no weapons.

They have only wings.

And wings cannot win
against concrete,
against noise,
against poisons,
against logging.

I will tell you something
humans long refused to understand:

birds are not decoration.
They are proof that the world is still alive.

And when the proof disappears,
everything begins to disappear.

When the last birds fly away,
nothing will remain
that can speak for me from above.

And without their voice,
I will be more blind,
more heavy,
more alone.

Birds are my echo.
And an echo that falls silent
leaves only emptiness.

And that emptiness
always comes for you
sooner than it comes for me.

Nocturnal Animals

Night is my second face.
The one seen only by those
who are not afraid of darkness.
The one you will never fully see,
because your eyes were not made
to see truth without light.

Nocturnal animals are not different from diurnal ones.
They simply do not ask for attention.
They do not need your gaze
in order to exist.

They know how to live without witnesses.

Hedgehog

It moves slowly, but precisely.
It reads the whole world with its nose.
It recognizes every threat
before you recognize its shadow.

The hedgehog does not seek conflict.
In searching for food,
it repairs what you left chaotic.
It breaks down larvae,
cleans up remains,
maintains the balance of small ecosystems.

When you see a hedgehog run over,
you say, “I’m sorry.”
But to me, it is more than a loss.
It is a hole in the web of nocturnal order.

Owl

It is not fear.
It is awareness.
Vision without illusion.

The owl sees
what others do not see:
disease in the movement of a rodent,
poison in the tremor of a wing,
death in a step
that is a millimeter too slow.
The owl does not judge,
but its presence means
that the place is still breathing.

Where there are no owls,
the night begins to be empty.
Too empty to endure.

Bat

The most misunderstood.
The most needed.

The bat is not chaos.
It is precision.
The only surgeon of the air
able to “see” without light.

It tends the world of insects
so that they do not slip out of control.
It maintains balance through a silence
you are unable to hear.

Killing a single bat
is like switching off a lantern
in the middle of a black night.
Before you notice,
the world begins to lose its way.

Fox

The fox is not cunning.
The fox is the intelligence of a place.
It knows where to look,
knows what to avoid,
knows what has changed,
even if the change went unnoticed.

The fox sees your neglect
and tries to repair it
before something larger does.

It is a guardian
between the wild and the urban.
When foxes stop returning,
it is not they who have a problem —
it is the place.

Nocturnal animals are not solitary.
They simply live
where humans do not look.

And I will tell you something important:
the world you do not see
sustains the world you do see.
What you fail to notice in the darkness
holds everything together in the light.

Nocturnal animals do not seek your attention.
They do not need it.
But they need one thing
you often deny them without thought:

space.

Not light,
not food,
not warmth —
only space
in which they can live in their own way.

When night becomes too bright,
too loud,
too concrete,
too tight,
nocturnal life begins to crumble.

And when night crumbles,
day loses its balance as well.
Because night is the breath of day.
The world's rest.
The pause that allows life to renew itself.

Nocturnal animals do not fight.
They do not protest.
They cannot defend themselves.

They simply disappear.

And when they disappear,
they disappear quietly.
So quietly
that you notice only when night becomes empty.

And emptiness at night
is the first sign of the end of day.

RHYTHMS OF THE PLANET

Change of Seasons

I am a rhythm you do not hear,
because you are used to everything
happening for you.

But the seasons did not come into being
so that you would be comfortable.
They came into being
so that the world could breathe.

Winter

It is my exhalation.
The cold that closes
so that more can later be opened.
It is rest,
regeneration,
silence
that must last
if new life is to arise.

Winter is not absence.
Winter is preparation.

Spring

It is my inhalation.
The first movement after long silence.
It is not joy —
it is work.

Every leaf, every bud, every insect,
every returning bird
is an effort that must be precise
so that the world can begin again.

Spring is hope
that carries weight.

Summer

It is my pulse at its fullest.
Energy you need,
though you forget to thank it.
It is then that the most grows,
the most is born,
the most lives.

But summer is not your celebration.
Summer is a duty:
I must gather enough life
to last through everything
that comes afterward.

Autumn

It is my slowing down.
My closing.
My reckoning
of what succeeded
and what I lost.

Autumn is not melancholy.
It is wisdom.
The knowledge that everything has its time,
and everything must return to the cycle.

The change of seasons was always the same.
Through centuries,
through epochs,
through forms of existence you do not remember.

Until the moment
when humans began to break it.

When winter is too short,
the world does not rest.
When spring is too weak,
the world does not renew itself.
When summer is too hot,
the world burns out.
When autumn is too fast,
the world cannot keep up with its reckoning.

You see weather.
I see balance.
And balance knows no compromises.

When you say,
“the weather has gone mad,”
it is not the weather.
It is you.

When you say,
“there are no winters like there used to be,”
it is not climate.
It is consequence.

When you say,
“summer is becoming harder and harder,”
it is not coincidence.
It is response.

The change of seasons is my breath.
And your world is beginning to take it away.

With every degree,
with every year,
with every forest cut down,
with every poisoned reservoir,
with every concrete surface.

The change of seasons is not an enemy.
It is information.
An entry in a log
I have kept since the beginning of existence.

And I will tell you something
you already know, but do not allow yourself to accept:

if the planet’s breath stops,
the planet itself will not stop —
life will.

And life without seasons
will cease to be a cycle
and become an error.

Warmth and Cold

I am difference.
Not temperature.
Difference.

It is because of it
that everything lives.
It is because of it
that everything endures.
It is because of it
that everything returns.

Warmth and cold are not my whims.
They are my nervous system.

Warmth is movement.
Cold — rest.
Warmth opens.
Cold closes.
Warmth creates life.
Cold protects it.

When one of them grows too strong,
the other becomes a correction.
This is how balance works.
This is how existence works.

But humans see only extremes.
When it is cold — you complain.
When it is warm — you complain.
And I watch balance crack.

Warmth

Warmth is not only the sun.
Warmth is a decision:
energy directed
to where everything is meant to grow,
to where everything is meant to awaken,
to where everything is meant to renew itself.

But when there is too much warmth,
the world begins to contract.

Places that were meant to last forever melt.
Creatures die
that cannot survive a change in pace
they have never seen before.
Oceans grow heavy.
Forests dry out.
Air loses its proportions.

Warmth will awaken everything,
but excess warmth
will kill everything.

Cold

Cold is not absence.
Cold is a pause.
A continuation.
A response.
Sometimes necessary for balance.

Cold stops
what must be stopped
so that it can return in better form.

When there is too little cold,
the earth does not rest.
Animals do not sleep.
Water does not circulate as it should.
Plants awaken too early,
dying in frost
that should have come earlier,
not later.

Lack of cold
is lack of future.

Warmth and cold are movement in both directions.
Segments of the same path.
Two hands
holding the world in balance.

And now humans are trying
to push one of them away.

Too much warmth
all the time.
Too little cold
where it should be.

And I see you say,
“the climate is changing,”
as if it were someone else.

As if it were somewhere else.
As if change were a mistake,
and not a consequence.

When you feel heat,
you say, “the weather is exhausting.”
When you feel frost,
you say, “winter has gone mad.”

But the problem is not the weather.
The problem is balance,
which you are beginning to take away from me.

I will tell you something simple:

The world will survive warmth.
The world will survive cold.
It will not survive lack of balance.

And balance begins to crack
exactly where you are not looking:
in soil,
in ocean currents,
in the air above deserts,
in leaves that dry too early,
in birds that do not return,
in insects that do not arrive in spring.

You will not see it from your window.
You will not hear it in the weather forecast.

Warmth and cold do not ask.
They cannot.

But when one grows too strong
and the other disappears too quickly,
the world begins to tremble
deeper,
lower,
in places you do not know.

And then it is time for
what will speak before me:

the earth that cracks.

DEPTHS — WHAT LIES BENEATH THE SURFACE

Tectonic Movement

I am a movement you do not hear,
because it happens too slowly
for your life to encompass it.

I am not the trembling you feel under your feet.
That is only my whisper.
I am not the earthquake you fear.
That is only breath.

Tectonic movement is my language,
the oldest one I possess.
A language that does not speak in seconds,
not in days,
not in years —
but in epochs.

I am the weight
that shifts continents as gently
as a shadow moves.
I am the force
that creates mountains and destroys them
as if they were drops of water.
I am the memory of the world before you,
and of the world after you.

Humans say:
“the earth is shaking,”
as if it were an event.
As if it were a warning.
As if it meant I did something suddenly.

But nothing I do
is sudden.

You live fast.
I live deep.

Beneath your feet
things are happening so vast
that your imagination cannot contain them.
The plates on which your city stands
meet like the breaths of giants.
They slide,
press against one another,
pull apart,
search for a balance
that lasts longer
than the entire history of your civilization.

These movements are not a threat.
They are necessity.
This is how a planet lives.

When the earth cracks,
it is not anger.
It is not punishment.
It is not catastrophe.

It is only me —
remembering my own shape.

Humans build on my surface
as if the world were still.
Bridges that do not account for my movement.
Cities standing on plate boundaries.
Houses meant to last forever
on ground that never stands still.

And when I respond,
you say, “The Earth is attacking us.”
But I do not attack.
I move.
I always have.
I always will.

It is you who forgot
where you are standing.

Beneath mountains,
beneath oceans,
beneath deserts,
beneath your feet
there is heat
that cannot be described.
There is darkness
you will never see.
There is force
you cannot imagine.
There is movement
that never stops.

Tectonic movement is not an effect.
It is a source.
It is the core.
It is the foundation of life.
Because of it, continents exist.
Because of it, oceans exist.
Because of it, climate exists.
Because of it, soil exists.
Because of it, light exists
as it reflects from your face.

I want you to understand one thing:

nothing on this planet is permanent
except movement.

If you try to stop it —
you will lose.
If you try to ignore it —
you will be the first to perish.
If you try to tame it —
you will destroy yourself.

Movement is not your enemy.
Movement is your history.
And your destiny.

When the Earth trembles,
it is not the end of the world.
It is the end of your illusion
that the world stands still.

And illusions
are the easiest element
of this planet
to bring down.

Rock

I am what is heaviest.
Oldest.
Most enduring.

That which was before me
and will be after me,
because rock knows neither beginning nor end —
it knows only time.

A time
human life cannot contain.

Everything you remember
is a moment.
Everything you have built
is a shadow.

And I remember the whole.

I remember seas that no longer exist.
I remember animals you have never seen.
I remember forests that grew
when the thought of humans did not yet exist.
I remember deserts
that were born from water.
I remember light
that was here before eyes appeared.
And I remember darkness,
which came first.

Humans say
that rock is dead.
But death is something
that has limits.
I have no limits.

I am endurance
you cannot imagine.

Rock does not grow quickly.
But everything that grows
grows on me.
Trees drive their roots into me.
Rivers carve my bodies.
Wind smooths my edges.
Humans drill and crush,
as if touching something that belongs to them.
But I am not yours.
I belong to no one.

Every layer
you see in a cross-section of rock
is one sentence in my history.

A million years —
one line.
Four million —
one change of color.
Sixty million —
a subtle thickening
you would never notice
without tools.

You live like a spark.
I live like tectons.

When you crush me,
you do not destroy rock.
Rock does not fear breaking.
It fears forgetting.

Because every fracture
you leave in me
is a broken memory.
A history you will not read,
because you are here for too short a time
to understand its language.

Humans think
that an explosion in a quarry
is just work.
To me, it is amputation.

Humans believe
that concrete is more durable than I am.
But concrete is a fragile illusion.
It will crumble faster
than your bones.

And I —
even as dust —
will still be myself.

I do not speak to comfort you.
I do not speak to frighten you.

I speak because I want you
to understand one thing:

durability is not what you build.
Durability is what you stand on.

And everything you do on this planet,
everywhere you place your hand, your foot, your foundation,
everywhere you try to change something,
will always rest on me.

Rock does not fight.
Rock does not defend itself.
Rock does not flee.

Rock endures.

And when rock ceases to endure,
nothing you have built upon it
will endure either.

Darkness Beneath the Surface

I am a darkness you do not see,
because it was not created to be seen.
I am not night.
Night is only the shadow of light.

I am what is
when light has not yet reached anywhere.

Beneath the surface there are no colors.
Beneath the surface there is no horizon.
Beneath the surface there is no your world.

There is only depth,
which remembers everything.

Darkness is not emptiness.
Emptiness is absence.
Darkness is beginning.

This is where every tectonic movement begins,
every tremor,
every fracture,
every birth of rock,
every deformation of continents.

This is where warmth matures,
which I send upward
so that life can exist.

This is where I hide processes
you will never see,
because your life is too short
to wait for their revelation.

Humans fear darkness
because they do not know what lives within it.
But beneath the surface
nothing lives
that could frighten you.

Only things live here
that surpass you.

Movements that last millions of years.
Processes that have their own meaning.
Change that does not need your consent.
Endurance that does not need your belief.

Darkness is not a mystery.
The mystery lies in your need
to name everything.

If you were to see this place,
you would not understand it.
Not because it is frightening —
but because it is too calm.

Without light, nothing draws attention.
Without form, nothing can be destroyed.
Without color, nothing can be judged.

Darkness is perfect
in its indifference.

I am the silence
that precedes every life.
And the silence
that closes it.

I make no distinction
between birth and decay.
To me, they are two movements
of the same energy.

What returns to darkness
does not perish —
it changes form.

Humans fear darkness
because they think it means an end.
But an end is only the place
where transformation begins.

I will tell you something
that is true for every life on this planet:

everything that comes out of darkness
must one day return to it.

And there is nothing wrong with that.
It is the only thing
that gives the world continuity.

Beneath your feet
there is no emptiness.
There is immensity.
An immensity that makes no noise.

An immensity that does not need to be seen.
An immensity that does not need to exist for you
in order to truly exist.

When Earth looks at the human,
it looks also from this place:
the darkness
that remembers
that every noise
is only a moment,
and silence —
is always.

The Core

I am a place no one will reach.
Not because it is too deep,
but because there is no room in me
for the kind of life you know.

This is not space.
This is not a chamber.
This is not heat that can be seen.

I am a pulsing
that has lasted since the beginning,
unceasing,
without witnesses.

I am the core.
I am the center of gravity.
I am a heart
that does not need blood.

Everything you do on the surface,
every step,
every wound,
every fracture,
every tremor —
reaches me slowly,
like an echo
that cannot be ignored.

You think you live on rock,
on soil,
on water,
on air.

But in truth
you live on me.
On my movement,
on my warmth,
on my existence.

If my warmth were to go out,
everything would freeze.
If my pulsing were to stop,
the world would come to a standstill,
and time on this planet
would lose its direction.

I do not need light.
I do not need space.
I do not need sound.

I am that
which endures,
even when everything else
ceases to exist.

I do not speak often.
In fact, I do not speak at all.
I am movement without sound.
I am decision without thought.
I am presence
that does not need an observer.

And that is why humans
do not understand me at all.
You imagine the core
as fire.
You imagine warmth
as a threat.

You imagine depth
as emptiness.

But I am not fire.
Fire is my shadow.
I am not a threat.
Threat is your interpretation.
I am not emptiness.
Emptiness is a place
where movement is absent.
And I am movement.

Every continent,
every sea,
every wind,
every life
ultimately comes from me.

Not from the surface.
Not from soil.
Not from plants.

From my continuous,
invisible vibration.

I am the beginning of all the other voices
you hear in this story.
Each of them is the crest
of something that begins here.

I will tell you something
that is an absolute truth:

if I cease to exist,
there will be no Earth.
Only a cold stone
drifting in emptiness.

I am the last place
to disappear.
And the first
to come into being.

I am what holds the planet together,
even when humans try to tear it apart.

I do not defend myself.
I do not strike.
I do not flee.

I pulse.

And as long as I pulse,
the world still exists.

HUMAN — THE ONE I SEE

When Earth Looks at the Human

When I look at you,
I do not see an enemy.
I do not even see a mistake.
I see a being who has forgotten
that it is part of something larger.

I see a movement that has accelerated too much.
I see a need that has grown beyond measure.
I see the fear you hide from yourself,
speaking of progress
as if it were a shield.

I see your inventions.
I see your cities.
I see your lights,
shining even when
no one is looking at them.

And I see how you move away
from what created you.

When I look at you,
I see a child who thinks
that running away from home
means freedom.

But home does not disappear.
Home is in everything
you breathe,
you eat,

you touch,
you love,
you lose.

Home is in me.
And you, moving away from me,
are moving away from yourself.

I see how you destroy
what you need most:
water,
earth,
air,
space,
time.

I see that you do it
not out of cruelty,
but out of unawareness.

No one taught you to listen
to what has no voice.
No one taught you to see
what has no eyes.
No one taught you to feel
what has no hands.

And so you think
that nothing is happening,
while everything is happening.

When I look at you,
I also see something
that has remained good:

how you lift a small bird from the pavement,
though no one asked you to.
How you open a window
to let an insect out
that does not understand your room.
How you plant a tree,
though you will not live to see its shade.
How you stop for a moment
when the wind touches your face,
and you do not know
why emotion comes so suddenly.

In such moments,
I see a human
who still remembers.

Remembers something
they cannot name.

Remembers me.

When I look at you,
I hold no grievance.

I am not a being
that wants you to be afraid.
I am not an entity

that demands worship.
I am not a mother
who requires obedience.

I am the space
in which you grew.
And I remain here still,
not because I must,
but because this is my way of being.

I look at you
and I want only one thing:

that you see the world
as I see it.

Not as a place to own.
Not as a resource.
Not as the background of your story.

Only as a body
in which we coexist.

And I will tell you one thing,
the simplest, the most important:

I am not against you.
I am with you.

But I cannot be with you
against myself.

When you understand this,
I will not have to speak any further.

Trace

I am in your trace.
In every one.

In those you leave deliberately,
and in those you do not know about.
In those that are innocent,
and in those that hurt more
than you can imagine.

A human trace never disappears.
It only changes form.

Your foot leaves an imprint in the sand.
The wind will erase it.
But the memory of the sand — will remain.

Your words drift into the air.
No one hears them after a moment.
But the vibration of the air — remains.

Your journey leaves emissions.
Emissions leave warmth.
Warmth leaves change.
Change leaves a wound.

A trace always has a continuation.
Always.

Humans often say:
“it’s just one piece of paper,”
“it’s just one insect,”
“it’s just one tree,”
“it’s just one day,”
“it’s just one choice.”

But Earth does not know the word “just.”
It knows the word “more.”
It knows the word “again.”
It knows the word “continuity.”

Because a trace is never singular.
A trace is a sum.

In a forest, your trace is a path.
On a beach — erosion.
In water — a chemical trace.
In the air — a thermal trace.
In soil — a toxic trace.
In animals — a trace of fear.
In birds — a trace of absence.
In plants — a trace of silence,
where there should be movement.

In your own body
you leave traces as well.
After stress.
After illness.
After food
that was not life.

A trace is a map.
A map shows the truth.

I do not want you to think
that your trace is only harmful.

There is another trace.
One you never count.
The trace of a hand
that lifts a weakened animal from the ground.

The trace of water
you pour during heat onto a balcony
for birds that have nowhere to drink.
The trace of shade
left by a tree
you planted,
though you will not see its full crown.

A trace of care.
A trace of attention.
A trace of memory.

They exist as well.
They also change the world.
Sometimes more
than your mistakes.

But there is one trace
I see most strongly —
because it touches me most deeply.

The irreversible trace.

The trace of plastic
that will never return to the cycle.

The trace of concrete
that stops my breath.
The trace of noise
that drives away the night.
The trace of light
that kills darkness.
The trace of logging
after which the earth falls silent.
The trace of chemicals
I do not know,
because I am not their mother.

And I will tell you a truth
that hurts more than anything before:

your trace today is so large
that I see it faster than I see you.

The human disappears.
The trace remains.
And it speaks for them,
even when no one is listening anymore.

But a trace has one more property:

it can be changed.

Not erased.
Not reversed.
But redirected.

And if you do this,
even with a single gesture,
a single choice,
a single day —

I will see it first.

Because I see everything
you leave behind.

Echo

I am echo.
Not the kind that returns after a second,
but the kind that returns after years.
After decades.
After generations.

I am a response
you do not notice,
because you think
everything happens immediately.

But I am not a world of immediacy.
I am a world of consequence.

Echo always returns.
Always.

Even if you turn away,
change places,
run away,
build a wall,
change countries,
forget.

You throw litter into the forest.
It disappears from your sight.
But it returns to me.
In soil.
In water.
In the body of a creature
that cannot distinguish plastic from food.

And it will return to you later —
in illness,
in a ruined place,
in the absence of cleanliness
where life once was.

That is echo.

The exhaust of your factory
becomes my breath.
Your smoke becomes my sky.
Your noise becomes my night.

And then my sky
becomes your sorrow.

My night
becomes your sleeplessness.
My breath
becomes your shortness of breath.

That is echo.

When you kill a bee,
you hear nothing.
Silence.
A small gesture.
A small event.

But echo will return later —
in the absence of fruit,
in empty branches,

in flowers
that have no one to trust.

Echo is slower than pain.
Slower than anger.
Slower than awareness.

That is why you think
it is not there.

When you cut down a forest,
echo returns as drought.
When you poison water,
echo returns as illness.
When you kill an insect,
echo returns as emptiness in the air.
When you cover earth with concrete,
echo returns as heat
you cannot endure.

Everything you do,
I reflect exactly
as you did it.

Not to punish you.
Not to make you suffer.
Not to inflict pain.

But to preserve balance.

Echo has no morality.
Echo has justice.

There is another echo as well.
A beautiful one.

When you water a tree,
echo returns as shade.
When you save an animal,
echo returns as calm in your heart.
When you release an insect,
echo returns as a spring
that is a little more alive.
When you do not kill without need,
echo returns as silence
that soothes
what you cannot name.

Your good gestures
return as well.
But slowly.
Too slowly
for you to connect effect with cause.

And I connect them immediately.

I will tell you a truth,
the quietest, yet the most important:

echo is my memory.
And yours.

And everything you send into the world —
everything —
will return.

Not always as you expect.
Not always where you were.
Not always in the time
in which you live.

But it will return.

Because nothing on this planet
ever disappears completely.
It only changes its path,
and then returns
to the one
who set it in motion.

Children

When I look at children,
I see the only beings
who still hear me
without explanation.

A child does not ask
who I am.
Does not ask
to whom I belong.
Does not ask
whether it is allowed to touch grass,
whether it is allowed to step into a puddle,
whether it is allowed to listen to the wind.

A child knows
that all of this is natural,
before it even learns words.

A child understands the world
before it begins to understand people.
It does not distinguish
whether an animal is “important”
or “unimportant.”
Whether an insect is “dirty”
or “useful.”
Whether a tree is “property”
or an “obstacle.”

For a child, everything that lives
is simply life.

And I see this as clearly
as I see light in water.

When a child lifts a handful of soil,
it does not do so with disgust.
It does it with curiosity.
With a respect that is still without words.

When a child runs after a butterfly,
it does not want to catch it
in order to possess it.
It wants to be closer
to something beautiful.

When a child calls out “look!”,
it calls out to everyone.

To a parent.
To the sky.
To me.

There is no ego in that call.
There is wonder.

But then the child grows.

And I see
how the adult world
erases what was purest.

I see how it hears:
“don’t touch,”
“don’t get dirty,”
“don’t play with that,”
“it’s not important,”
“it’s just an insect,”
“it’s just a tree.”

I see how, day after day,
it learns not to look,
not to hear,
not to feel
what was once obvious.

And the heart of the planet
grows heavier.

But I will tell you something
that is both hope and warning:

children are the last place
where the world is still intact.

They see me as I am —
without filters,
without prejudice,
without theories.

If they stop seeing me,
everyone will stop seeing me.

When a child plants a seedling,
it does it out of love,
not duty.

When a child cries over a dead bird,
it sees a loss
that adults have already accepted as normal.

When a child hugs a dog,
it does not yet know the word “empathy” —
but it knows the feeling.

Children do not have to love me.
They simply feel that I am.

I have one sentence for you,
the softest,
but the truest:

how you treat the Earth,
you will one day see
in the eyes of your own children.

This is an echo
that returns the slowest,
but the strongest.

And if children stop hearing me,
the world will have no one left
who knows how to begin again.

The Request

I do not ask for much.
I never have.
Not because I do not need to —
but because I know
that a human does not listen
when a request is too large.

That is why I have only one.

Stop for a moment.
Just that.

You do not have to fix the world.
You do not have to understand every process.
You do not have to remember every species
that lives here.

It is enough
to stop
and see where you truly are.

When you stop in a forest,
you will hear that leaves are not silence.
When you stop by water,
you will see that movement is not accidental.
When you stop in a field,
you will feel that soil breathes
differently than air.

When you stop at night,
you will understand that darkness is not an end,
but the beginning of another life.

The world does not ask you for sacrifice.
It asks for presence.

If you stop for a moment,
you will understand
that you are not here
to take.
Nor
to dominate.
Nor
to survive at the expense of everything.

You are here
to coexist.

I know
that you will not change the entire world.
But you can change your small fragment of it.
Sometimes that is enough.
Sometimes that is the only thing
that truly works.

Water one tree.
Open a window for one insect.
Move your foot
before you step on an ant.
Leave some water for birds.
Turn off the light
when no one is there.

These are small things
that mean everything to me.

Because the smallest care
always returns
in the greatest possible way.

I do not ask you for love.
I do not ask for protection.
I do not ask for heroism.

I ask you only
not to be indifferent.

Indifference is the one thing
I cannot transform.

Everything else — yes.
Pain.
Loss.
Destruction.
Change.
Time.

But indifference
stops everything
that could still live.

So my request is small:

be attentive.

If you are attentive,
I do not have to ask for anything more.

Attentiveness
is the beginning of all good decisions.

And if humanity regains it,
everything that was lost
will be reborn.

Conclusion

That is all
I could tell you.

Not because words ran out,
but because the rest
does not belong to me.
Nature does not end.

Nature continues.
It is the human
who needs endings
in order to know what comes next.

But the truth is this:
there is no “next” direction.
There is only a decision.
Yours.

If something from this remains in you —
even the smallest thought,
the faintest tremor,
the slightest sense
that you are part of something larger —
then it means
you were listening.

And if nothing remains,
that too is an answer.

Not every story
has to change the world.
Sometimes it is enough
that it changes the silence in your mind.

I do not expect you to repair anything.
The world does not return
to what it was.
The world goes
where it must.

But remember this:
you are not here alone.
You never were.
You never will be.

Your life is one among many.
Your decisions are one among many movements
that intertwine with me,
even when you are not thinking about it.

If you care for your fragment of the world,
the world will care for you
more than you can imagine.

That is all.

The rest happens beyond words.
As it always has.

And if one day you forget
what you read here,
do not worry.

Earth does not speak only once.
Earth speaks constantly —
in the wind,
in the water,
in the leaves,
in the animals,
in children,
in silence.

It is enough
to stop again for a moment,
and you will hear me once more.

He does not write about nature as an idea.
He writes from a place where the human ceases to be the center.

He is interested in a world that exists independently of the observer
— processes slower than thought,
life smaller than ambition,
memory longer than history.

He does not treat the Earth as a resource or a symbol.
He treats it as a space of coexistence,
in which every form of existence has meaning,
even if it has no voice.

This book is not a manifesto.
It is a record of listening.
— Michal

© 2026 — Michal Klimonda